KILLER INSTINCT CHAPTER ONE

WILDCATS™

COVERT REVOLT

DC

6
DEC

J'MLEE
WILLIAMS

WILDC.A.T.S #6

COVERT-ACTION-TEAMS™

KILLER INSTINCT CROSSOVER:

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IT WAS *SUPPOSED* TO BE A SIMPLE MISSION.

INFILTRATE A TOP SECRET *GAMORRAN* RESEARCH FACILITY AND NEUTRALIZE A *DAEMONITE* BY THE NAME OF *RICHTOFFEN.*

THAT'S WHEN ALL *HELL* BREAKS LOOSE. WE LOSE *WARBLADE* DURING OUR ESCAPE, JUST BEFORE THE LAB *SELF-DESTRUCTS* AND I BEGIN WONDERING...

HEY, SPARTAN...

IS IT JUST *ME* OR DO WE SEEM TO HAVE A *KNACK* FOR MAKING PLACES *BLOW UP!*

JUST KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE TACSCAN*, GRIFTER.

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE GAMORRAN SECURITY FORCES ARRI--

*TACSCAN: TACTICAL SCANNER

BUT...WHAT IF WARBLADE'S STILL *ALIVE?*

WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE HIM BEHIND!

VOODOO'S RIGHT. WE OUGHTTA TAKE A CLOSER LOOK.

JUST TO BE *SURE.*

THERE'S ALWAYS A CHANCE HE MAY STILL--

NO! IT'S TOO RISKY.

WE LOST OUR *IFF* AND *ECM** SYSTEMS IN THE EXPLOSION. THAT MAKES US BLIND AND PRACTICALLY *DEFENSELESS.*

*IFF: IDENTIFICATION FRIEND OR FOE
ECM: ELECTRONIC COUNTER-MEASURE

OUR *BEST* COURSE OF ACTION IS TO GET OUT OF *GAMORRAN AIRSPACE* BEFORE THEY CAN TRACK US WITH--

IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT, HADRIAN!

THEY'VE FOUND US!

"NICE *WARNING*, GRIFTER! WHAT'S OUT THERE?"

"THEY MUST HAVE BEEN *CLOAKED*, SPARTAN, BUT I'M *EYEBALLIN'* THREE GAMORRAN VIPERS ON OUR SIX.

"OH $#*@! THE LEADER'S GOT MISSILE-LOCK ON US!

VROOSH!

VROOSH!

VROOSH!

VROOSH!

VROOSH!

"HE'S FIRING!"

GRIFTER, REDIRECT ALL AVAILABLE POWER TO THE *SHIELDS!*

HANG ON TIGHT, EVERYONE, I'M TAKING EVASIVE ACTION!

WITH HIS *SUPER-HUMAN REFLEXES* AND *G-FORCE RESISTANCE*, SPARTAN TAKES US TO THE *EDGE* OF THE ENVELOPE AND DODGES FOUR OF THE MISSILES...

...THE SHIELDS MANAGE TO ABSORB THE IMPACT OF THE REMAINING TWO...

...BUT THEN THE OTHER TWO LAUNCH THEIR OWN MISSILES.

IT DOESN'T TAKE A *ROCKET SCIENTIST* TO FIGURE OUT WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN NEXT.

SHIELDS ARE DEPLETED! EVERYONE TO THE ESCAPE PODS BEFORE IT'S--

TOO LATE!

BA-BOOM!

SKRRASH!

I'M GOING TO TRY AND PROTECT US WITH A PLASMA SHIELD!

AND EVERYONE PROCEED *QUICKLY* AND *CALMLY* TO YOUR NEAREST EMERGENCY EXIT.

WHERE'S A *STEWARDESS* WHEN YOU REALLY NEED ONE?

AAIIIEEE! WE'RE...WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!

VROOM

WATCH IT, VOODOO!

MAKE SURE YA STAY CLEAR O' THOSE *INTAKES!*

MAUL! I'LL TAKE CARE OF *VOODOO.*

YOU'VE GOT TO TRY AND REACH *VOID!*

SHE'S THE *ONLY* ONE WHO CAN SAVE US NOW!

VOID! OVER HERE!

SPARTAN SAYS YA GOTTA TELEPORT US OUTTA HERE BEFORE...*uh*... VOID?

LOOKS LIKE OUR WHITE KNIGHT IS *RESCUING* HIS FAVORITE DAMSEL IN DISTRESS...

...INSTEAD OF KEEPING HIS MIND ON THE FIGHT!

SPARTAN! BEHIND YOU!

BUT THEN I REMEMBER THAT JAKE BUILT HIM TO BE THE *PERFECT SOLDIER,* A LETHAL WEAPON.

HADRIAN, THEY'RE COMING *BACK!*

WE'RE *HELPLESS* OUT HERE IN THE OPEN!

RELAX, VOODOO. FIGHTING IS MY PRIMARY FUNCTION.

ALL I NEED TO DO IS ACCESS MY DATABASE TO GET THE SCHEMATICS OF THOSE SHIPS...

"...AND FIND THEIR *ACHILLES HEEL.*

SHRAKOW!

"IN THIS CASE, ONE GOOD *BIO-BLAST* TO THE *WEAPONS BAY...*

"...AND BOOM! SCRATCH ONE VIPER.

KA-BOOM!

"I JUST HOPE THE OTHERS ARE DOING AS WELL AS WE ARE."

TA-TAKE IT EASY, ADRIANNA!

THEY *AIN'T* GONNA HURT YOU ANYMORE. I'M HERE TO *PRO-TECT* YOU NOW!

I'LL SHOW 'EM THE *REAL* MEANING OF THE WORD!

THOSE GUYS THINK THEY'RE BIG SHOTS WITH THEIR BIG FANCY SHIPS!

SHKRRRRRRRRRSSSSHHHH!

THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, ADRIANNA!

IT WOULD SEEM OUR JOURNEY TOGETHER HAS FINALLY COME TO AN END, BROTHER GRIFTER.

I GOT AN IDEA, ZEALOT!

FOLLOW ME!

DO I HAVE A *CHOICE?*

WHOOOEEE! IS THIS *GREAT* OR WHAT?!

I SAW 'EM DO THIS IN A *MOVIE* ONCE.

THIS IS NO MOVIE AND YOU'RE NO PATRICK SWA--

THAT'S WHAT MAKES IT EVEN *BETTER!*

BESIDES, I'M *BETTER LOOKIN'* THAN HIM ANYWAY.

THERE! WE MADE IT!

WHOOOEEE! WHAT A *RUSH!*

YOU KNOW, ZEALOT, THAT WAS ALMOST AS GOOD AS THE FIRST TIME WE--

DON'T *FLATTER* YOURSELF, BROTHER GRIFTER!

MOI?! IF I RE-CALL, *YOU* WERE THE ONE WHO WAS FLA--

CAN WE GET ON WITH THIS? *NOW!*

CHK CHK

ALL RIGHT ALREADY! I'M PLACING THE *CHARGES* NOW!

WE DON'T HAVE MUCH *TIME!*

THE SHIP IS HEADED TOWARD *SPARTAN* AND *VOODOO* AS WE SPEAK!

I HEARD YA THE *FIRST* TIME, ZEALOT! HOLD ON! FIRE IN THE HOLE!

POOM!

LISTEN UP, BOYS! WE CAN DO THIS THE *EASY* WAY OR THE *HARD* WAY.

SO WHICH IS IT GONNA BE?

THE HARD WAY.

KCHAK

KCHAK

KCHAK

THAT MAKES IT *EASY* FOR ME.

PHAM! PHAM! PHAM! PHAM!

IN THIS BUSINESS, YOU LIVE BY YOUR DECISIONS...AND DIE BY YOUR MISTAKES.

PHAM! PHAM! PHAM! PHAM!

PERHAPS IT WOULD'VE BEEN USEFUL KEEPING THE *PILOT* ALIVE, BROTHER GRIFTER?

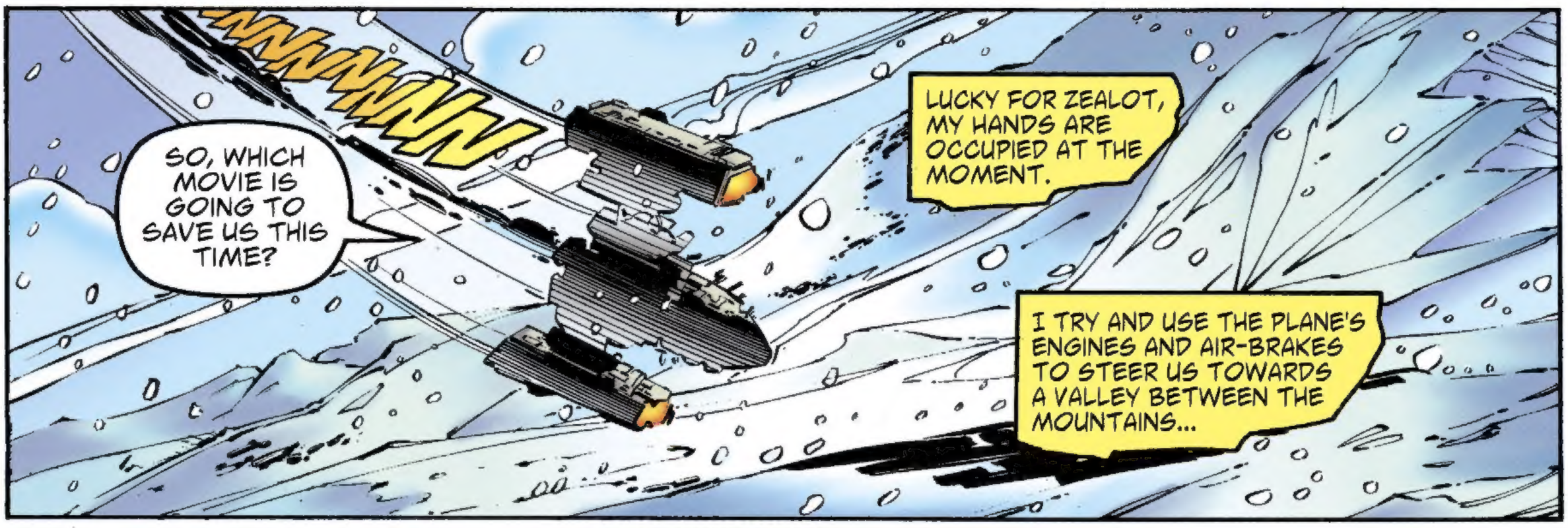
OH, NOW YOU TELL ME THIS?

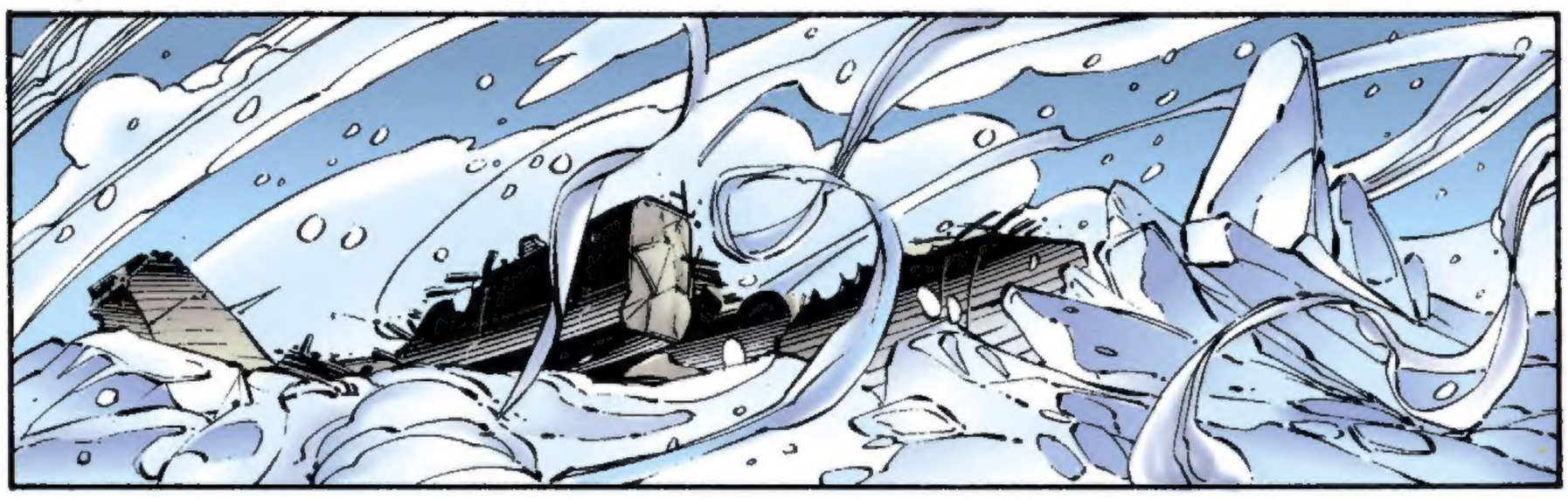
WHO NEEDS HIM ANYWAY? I'VE GOT A KNACK FOR THIS KIND OF STUFF.

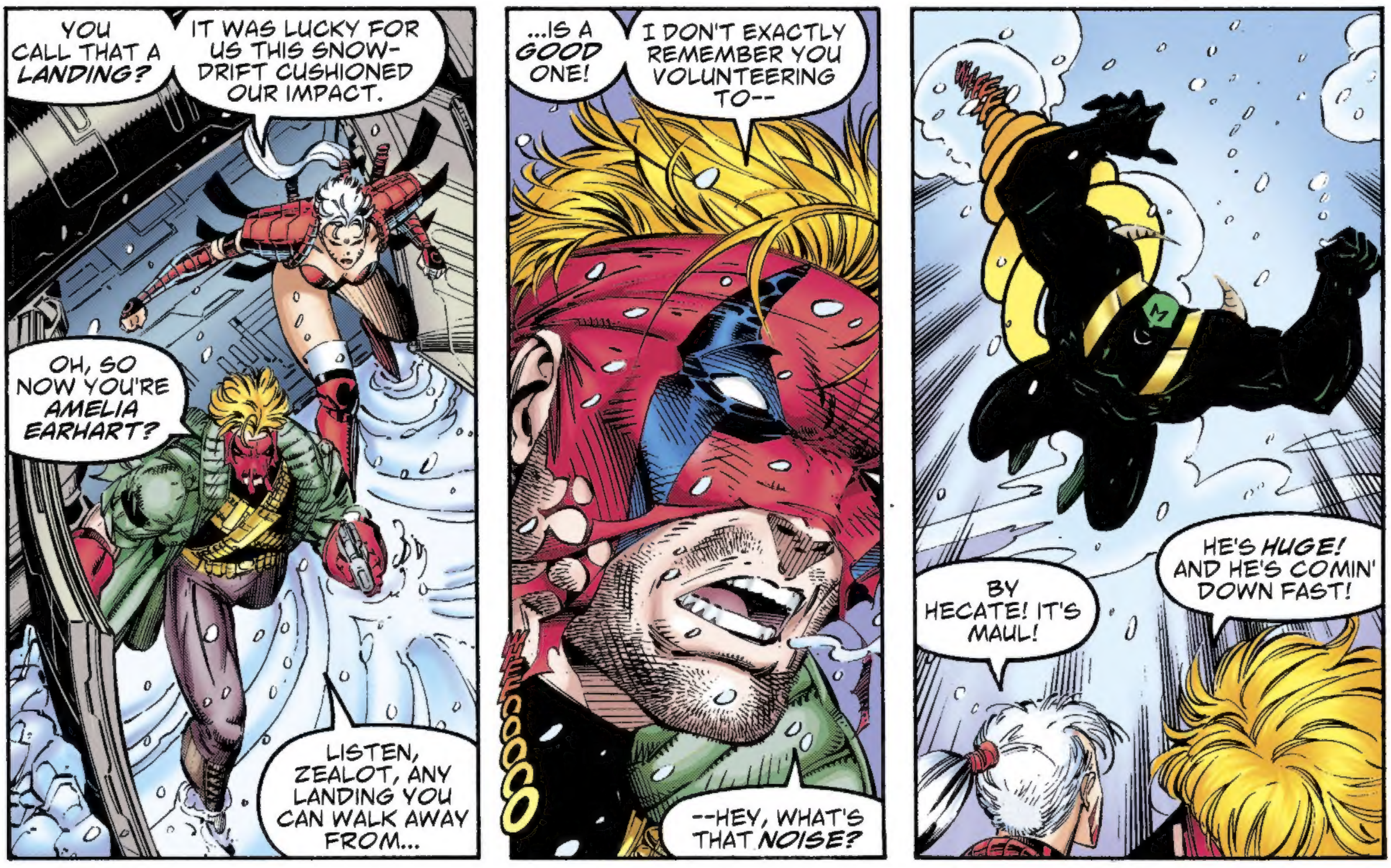
OF COURSE, HAVING CONTROLS THAT ACTUALLY *WORKED* WOULD *REALLY* BE USEFUL!

WHAT?!

YOU MEAN YOU'VE DAMAGED THE SHIP'S FLIGHT CONTROLS?!


SO, WHICH MOVIE IS GOING TO SAVE US THIS TIME?
LUCKY FOR ZEALOT, MY HANDS ARE OCCUPIED AT THE MOMENT.
I TRY AND USE THE PLANE'S ENGINES AND AIR-BRAKES TO STEER US TOWARDS A VALLEY BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS...
...AND I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER IF MY LUCK'S GONNA LAST.
KRAAAARROOOOM




YOU CALL THAT A LANDING?
IT WAS LUCKY FOR US THIS SNOW-DRIFT CUSHIONED OUR IMPACT.
OH, SO NOW YOU'RE AMELIA EARHART?
LISTEN, ZEALOT, ANY LANDING YOU CAN WALK AWAY FROM...
...IS A GOOD ONE!
I DON'T EXACTLY REMEMBER YOU VOLUNTEERING TO--
--HEY, WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
WHEEE!
BY HECATE! IT'S MAUL!
HE'S HUGE! AND HE'S COMIN' DOWN FAST!

RIGHT ON TOP OF US!

$#*@!

BADA-BOOM!

RUN!

THAT THOUGHT *HAD* CROSSED MY MIND!

THE CRAZY FOOL'S *KILLED* HIMSELF...

...AND ALMOST TOOK US WITH HIM!

I DON'T THINK HE DID IT ON PURPOSE.

LOOK! THERE'S SOMETHING MOVING...

MAUL'S STILL *ALIVE.*

BUT LOOK AT THE SIZE OF HIM. HE'S *NEVER* BEEN THIS BIG BEFORE!

THERE'S NO TELLIN' WHAT HE MIGHT DO. LIKE SMASHING US INTO A PULP!

I DON'T THINK SO, BROTHER GRIFTER. LOOK!

IT'S VOID!

THERE'S NO NEED TO BE AFRAID, GRIFTER. JEREMY ONLY SOUGHT TO PROTECT ME FROM HARM.

UNFORTUNATELY, AT THIS SIZE, HIS BRAIN HAS SIMPLY *SHUT DOWN.*

SINCE SHE'S LOOKIN' A LITTLE SHAKEN UP HERSELF, I START MAKIN' MY WAY TOWARD ADRIANNA TO GIVE HER A HAND WHEN PRINCE VALIANT ARRIVES ON THE SCENE.

GLAD TO SEE YOU ALL MADE IT. WE DID WELL AGAINST THOSE GAMORRAN SHIPS.

EXCEPT FOR VOODOO, I'D SAY WE'VE COME OUT OF THIS ONE RELATIVELY UNSCATHED.

HE GOT TOO BIG FOR HIS BRAIN AND IT JUST TURNED OFF ON HIM.

HOW'S VOODOO DOING?

MY INITIAL DIAGNOSIS INDICATES A *CONCUSSION.* POSSIBLY SOME *INTERNAL BLEEDING.*

SHE'S GOING TO NEED *IMMEDIATE* MEDICAL ATTENTION.

MAUL NEEDS HELP TOO, AND VOODOO'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN--

SHE'S IN NO CONDITION TO--

LOOK, SPARTAN! AS TEAM LEADER, YOU CAN'T BE PLAYIN' FAVORITES HERE. IT ONLY LEADS TO TROUBLE. I KNOW... I'VE BEEN THERE.

I TOLD YOU BEFORE--

GRIFTER'S... *RIGHT,* HADRIAN.

I'VE *GOT* TO TRY... AND USE THE *SIGHT...* TO HELP JEREMY. FOR THE *TEAM'S* SAKE!

JUST...BE CAREFUL.

WE MAY HAVE A PROBLEM WITH MAUL, SPARTAN.

WHAT'S *WRONG* WITH JEREMY?

UUUNNNH!

FWOOSH

YOU'VE DONE IT, CHILD! HE'S REVERTING TO HIS NORMAL SIZE.

BUT VICTORY HAS ITS PRICE.

PRIS!

THE STRAIN WAS TOO MUCH FOR HER! HER CONDITION'S RAPIDLY DETERIORATING!

WE'VE GOT TO GET HER BACK TO HALO! VOID, PREPARE TO WARP US OUT OF HERE!

NO...HADRIAN!

GOT...TO FIND... *WARBLADE.* MAY...STILL... BE ALIVE...

I MAY HAVE A SOLUTION, SPARTAN.

I WILL TAKE VOODOO BACK TO *HALO* WHILE YOU AND THE OTHERS SEARCH FOR WARBLADE.

ONCE SHE IS SAFE WITH MARLOWE, I SHALL RETURN FOR THE REST OF YOU.

I...I...WANT... TO HELP...TOO.

YOU'VE DONE ALL YOU CAN.

THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO FOR THE OTHERS IS TO GO BACK.

IF YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT IT WITHIN YOU, THEN LET'S DO IT.

THE REST OF US WILL TRY AND SALVAGE SOME EQUIPMENT AND SUPPLIES FROM *MIRV*...

...OR WHATEVER'S LEFT OF IT.

I...GUESS... YOU'RE RIGHT.

JUST REST NOW.

SO HOW'RE WE SUPPOSED TO GET TO THE SHIP WITHOUT VOID?

WE *WALK*. I'VE GOT A SIGNAL-LOCK ON THE *MIRV*'S BLACKBOX.

VNNN

LET'S JUST HOPE THERE'S SOMETHING LEFT TO SALVAGE.

LATER...

LUCKY FOR US, MOST OF THE PRIMARY HULL IS INTACT.

WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO SPARE, SO PACK ONLY THE *ESSENTIALS*, LIKE FOOD AND WEAPONS.

UH, KINDA COLD FOR A BREWSKI, AIN'T IT, GRIFTER?

I THOUGHT MR. MARLOWE TOLD YOU THAT ALCOHOL WAS PROHIBITED ABOARD THE SHIP.

YEAH, WELL, HE SAYS A LOT OF THINGS, SPARTAN.

WE'LL FINISH THIS *LATER*.

I JUST DON'T AGREE WITH HIM ON MOST OF 'EM.

RIGHT NOW, WE'VE GOT TO GET TO RICHTOFFEN'S LAB BEFORE GAMORRAN SECURITY FORCES ARRIVE ON THE SCENE.

HEY, LOOK, YOU GUYS! I'M FLYING! THESE JET PACKS ARE COOL!

YOU'RE A REGULAR PETER PAN, BIG GUY. NOW JUST WATCH WHERE YOU'RE FLYIN'!

LOOKIN' AT ALL THE DEVASTATION, I'M THINKIN' IF WE DO FIND WARBLADE, HE'LL PROBABLY BE IN SMALL PIECES OR MAYBE A STAIN ON THE WALL.

THAT IS UNTIL SPARTAN COMES ACROSS A REINFORCED SUB-BASEMENT. MOST OF IT'S INTACT BUT STILL EMPTY.

BUT THEN I *FEEL* SOMEONE BEHIND US!

SPARTAN! OVER THERE!

IT'S RICHTOFFEN'S BODYGUARD, *MISERY*-- AND SHE'S GOT *WARBLADE*!

SO, YOU CAME BACK TO SAVE YOUR FALLEN COMRADE!

YOUR LOYALTY IS ADMIRABLE BUT YOUR TIMING STINKS.

IF YOU WANT HIM ALIVE, YOU'D BETTER BACK OFF! IT'S TIME FOR US TO MAKE OUR EXIT.

SHRAKOW!

PHAM! PHAM! PHAM!

SHE'S TAKING WARBLADE! STOP HER!

VRRRRP! VRRRRP!

DAMN! SHE'S GOT SOME KIND OF ENERGY SHIELD.

WHUUU

SPARE ME YOUR INSIGHTFUL OBSERVATIONS, GRIFTER. WE TOOK OUR BEST SHOT AND MISERY GOT AWAY FROM US. MR. MARLOWE IS NOT GOING TO BE HAPPY ABOUT THIS.

SO WHERE'D SHE GO? MAYBE WE CAN STILL GET HIM BACK.

NOT LIKELY, JEREMY. SHE COULD HAVE REMATERIALIZED ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD.

ZEALOT'S RIGHT. THE GAME'S OVER.

IT'S PILSNER TIME, FOLKS. YOU'RE WELCOME TO HELP YOURSELVES TO A BREW.

WE'RE NOT FINISHED YET, GRIFTER.

DON'T YOU THINK IT ODD THAT SHE WAS STILL IN THE LAB EVEN AFTER THE EXPLOSION?

SHE WAS HERE FOR A REASON AND I INTEND TO FIND OUT WHY.

LOOK, SPARTAN. THE TRACKS END IN THIS ROOM.

SO WHAT'S THAT GONNA TELL US?

YOU GOT SOME SORT OF CRYSTAL BALL THAT'S GOING TO SHOW US WHAT WENT ON HERE?

NOT EXACTLY.

BUT THERE MAY BE ENOUGH CLUES HERE TO PIECE TOGETHER SOME SORT OF ANSWER.

HEY, KNOCK YOURSELF OUT, MAN.

YOU FORGET, GRIFTER, THAT I'M NOT A MAN...BUT AN ANDROID.

MY THERMAL IMAGER CAN ASSIMILATE EVEN THE SLIGHTEST RESIDUAL HEAT PATTERNS IN THE AREA...

...AND BY PROCESSING THIS DATA THROUGH MY CEREBRAL PROCESSING UNIT, I CAN ASCERTAIN WHAT TOOK PLACE HERE.

ENABLING ME, IN ESSENCE, TO LOOK BACK IN TIME FOR A BRIEF MOMENT.

OKAY, SO I AM IMPRESSED--

FROM THE LOOKS OF IT, WARBLADE AND MISERY WERE AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS EVEN AS THE EXPLOSION WAS BRINGING THE WALLS DOWN AROUND THEM.

BUT PART OF THE FLOOR COLLAPSED AND BOTH OF THEM PLUMMETED INTO THIS SUB-BASEMENT... KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS BY THE FALL.

MISERY RECOVERED AND WENT BACK UP TO LOOK FOR RICHTOFFEN.

SHE FOUND HIM AMIDST THE WRECKAGE.

"HE WASN'T A PRETTY SIGHT.

"AND FOR ALL HER RUTHLESS-NESS...SHE WEPT.

"THERE WAS SOMETHING... *MORE* BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM.

"BUT THEN SOMETHING CLICKED INSIDE HER AND THE HARDNESS RETURNED.

"MISERY WENT BACK FOR WARBLADE AND THEN MADE HER WAY TO THIS CONTROL CONSOLE.

"IT APPEARS AS THOUGH SHE WAS TRYING TO ACCESS SOMETHING WHEN WE ARRIVED ON THE SCENE.

BUT SHE NEVER GOT TO FINISH INPUTTING THE SECURITY CODE.

AND SINCE YOU'VE ALREADY BEEN IN THE SYSTEM, I GUESS WE CAN ASSUME YOU'VE GOT THE RELEVANT INFO.

ASSUMING I DON'T SET OFF ANOTHER SELF-DESTRUCT PROGRAM.

whïsssh!

I GUESS THIS WAS WHAT SHE WANTED.

IT APPEARS TO BE SOME KIND OF CONTAINMENT UNIT.

IT'S A STASIS POD.

I.O.'S GOT A COUPLE OF 'EM IN INVENTORY. THEY'RE DAMN NEAR INDE-STRUCTIBLE.

TOOK ME MONTHS TO FINALLY FIGURE OUT HOW TO OPEN ONE.

CAREFUL, GRIFTER. THIS ONE MAY BE DIF--

TIK TIK TAK TAK TAK VEE

EEP!

RELAX, SPARTAN! I'VE DONE THIS BEFORE. IT'S A PIECE OF CAKE.

SZZZ

JUST WANTED TO LET YA KNOW THAT VOODOO AND ADRIANNA MADE IT BACK SAFE AND SOUND.

THE MED-TEAM'S TAKING CARE OF 'EM NOW.

WHAT ARE THE GAMORRANS UP TO, SIR? DO THEY KNOW WE'RE STILL HERE?

NEGATIVE. THE GAMORRANS ARE RAISING A RUCKUS WITH THE U.N. SECURITY COUNCIL. SOME OF THE U.N.'S STORM-WATCH PERSONNEL ARE RAISING HELL IN DOWNTOWN ZODOME. THAT SHOULD TAKE SOME OF THE HEAT OFF OF YOU.

JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE THOUGH, I WANT TO GET YOU GUYS OUTTA THERE. I'LL BE SENDING ADRIANNA BACK AS SOON AS SHE'S READY.

JUST MAKE SURE YOU'VE GOT WARBLADE BY THEN.

THAT MAY NOT BE SO EASY, SIR.

ONE OF RICHTOFFEN'S BODYGUARDS BY THE NAME OF MISERY TELEPORTED OUT OF HERE WITH HIM.

THERE'S NO TELLING WHERE SHE MAY HAVE GONE.

BUT IT SEEMED AS THOUGH SHE KNEW WARBLADE FROM BEFORE. CAN YOU SHED ANY LIGHT ON THIS, SIR?

I GUESS I SHOULD'VE KNOWN SOMETHING LIKE THIS MIGHT HAPPEN.

HOW'S THAT, SIR?

"ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO, I WAS IN GAMORRA WITH JULES ON SOME BUSINESS.

"I HAD GOTTEN WORD FROM THE GNOME THAT KAIZEN GAMORRA HAD SOMETHING I MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN.

"IT WAS THE *HADRIAN-7* PROTOTYPE. IT ALSO TURNED OUT THAT AN EX-*CYBERDATA* BIO-ENGINEER ON THE PROJECT BY THE NAME OF HEINRICH RICHTOFFEN WAS SECRETLY A MEMBER OF THE *CABAL*, SO I CONFISCATED THE TECHNOLOGY BEFORE IT COULD FALL INTO THEIR HANDS.

HOW MUCH LONGER TO THE EXTRACTION POINT, JULES?

THE SUB SHOULD BE WAITING FOR US AT THE END OF THE BEACH, SIR.

"IT WASN'T THE ONLY THING WAITING FOR US THERE.

GOT... TO GET... BACK! TELL... BEARCLAW... ABOUT... MISERY!

"AT THE TIME, I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT THE HELL HE WAS TALKING ABOUT.

"BUT IT WASN'T HARD TO FIGURE OUT HE WASN'T ONE OF THE LOCAL BEACH BUMS.

"SOMEBODY HAD SPENT A LOT OF TIME AND MONEY MAKING HIM THE WAY HE WAS, AND SOMEONE ELSE HAD TRIED TO DESTROY HIM BY GUTTING HIM WITH SOME KIND OF SWORD.

HE'S BARELY ALIVE, SIR. HE'LL DIE IF WE DON'T GET HIM TO THE SUB'S MEDI-LAB.

ALL RIGHT, LET'S DO IT. I'LL RADIO IN FOR SOME MEN TO COME HELP US.

"THAT WAS HOW I BROUGHT HIM INTO THE TEAM.

"BACK AT *HALO*, THE DOCS PULLED SOME KIND OF CONTROL CHIP OUT OF HIS HEAD. UNFORTUNATELY, WARBLADE ALSO LOST PART OF HIS MEMORY.

"IT COULD BE THAT THE PEOPLE WHO PUT THAT CHIP THERE WANT HIM BACK NOW."

YOU DON'T REALLY BUY THAT, DO YOU, ZEALOT?

I HAVE NO REASON TO DOUBT THE LORD EMP.

OH, OF *COURSE* NOT.

THEN THE ONLY QUESTION NOW IS...WHERE'S WARBLADE?

OFF THE COAST OF GAMORRA LIES THE ISLE OF THE DEAD.

A FORBIDDEN AND SACRED PLACE WHERE THE GAMORRANS BURY THEIR DEARLY DEPARTED.

WHERE AM I?

WHERE IT ALL BEGAN, MY LOVE.

THE VERY PLACE WHERE YOU TRIED TO KILL ME. DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

THAT'S BECAUSE...YOU HAD...DOUBLE-CROSSED US!

ON THE CONTRARY, DARLING. I TRIED TO WARN THE OTHERS!

THAT WAS WHEN YOU ATTACKED ME, WASN'T IT?

AAARRGH! DOING IT...AGAIN! TRYING TO...CONFUSE ME!

THIS TIME...I WON'T LET THE OTHERS... DOWN!

BUT YOU ALREADY HAVE, RENO! EVERYONE'S DEAD!

NOOOO! I'LL STOP YOU THIS TIME!

THAT'S IT, RENO! COME AND GET ME!

I'LL RIP OUT YOUR BLACK HEART WITH MY OWN HANDS!

NOT THIS TIME, BUTCHER!

WHO?!

BEARCLAW! THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE TO PROTECT ME.

WARBLADE'S COME BACK TO FINISH US OFF, ONCE AND FOR ALL!

EVEN IF THAT MEANS...

...WARBLADE MUST DIE!

RIPCLAW?!

YOUR TIME OF RECKONING IS AT HAND, *MURDERER!*

I DON'T KNOW WHAT SUPERNATURAL FORCE HAS BROUGHT YOU BACK TO ME, LYDIA, BUT I SWEAR BY THE GREAT SPIRIT THAT WE'LL NEVER BE SEPARATED AGAIN!

ZONE